4/30/74

Dear Dick,

Even when I wrote short letter, which is not often 'but they are sometimes very funny, if you'd like samples!), they are always hasty because I am into that much.

This one has several simple purposes.

First, thanks for your last peek's call when my letter was delayed reaching you.

Second, I think that regarless of markey prospects or attitudes toward me or any other considerations - and I can think of plenty of negatives - our Glorious Leader's last night's spectacular tells me a number of things. (We get the early Post edition and I've not read it yet.)

He fully expects now to drag it all out to the end of his term.

He expects to get away with enough from the outset to more than justify all the new fights he appears to have picked.

He will have everyone running his ass off on all the long list of new digressions he has started, keeping everyone away from the real nitty-gritty.

And all of this and more for which I do not take time increases enormously both the significance and the value of what I have and at this point firmly believe that I alone have.

It is good that you could not make a meeting this week because while I am steadily pulling out of it, I am still weary and still deeply preoccupied with other and to me the most serious matters.

I have a medical appointment today the sole purpose of which it is to determine, if it can be done, how much of this newer and more debilitating weariness might be of emotional or nervous origin. I have a more definitive one day after tomorrow.

However, I am being what my mother would have come close to calling a good boy. This means not that I am doing nothing but that I am pacing myself and not exhausting myself. I spent about an hour at fairly heavy work right after breakfast and I don't really feel it, except that I remain a little unsteady afoot. I am sleeping longer and better. I do believe that in a short while I'll be as I was before whatever this thing that hit me a couplex of weeks ago was.

Next week I have the friend of whom I told you coming. I'll have to pick him up Monday. Tuesday I have to take my wife to an afternoon medical appointment. Thursday I'm scheduled for a speech at a local college. And Friday a man from the London Sunday Times is coming.

Now I'll have to get and digest the full textx of last night's extravaganza. I have already written for the transcripts, which I do not expect to get unless they are printed. I had pretty well worked out a beginning, but this may change it. May, infact, require change because I do not expect anyone to tumble to what Nixon has really pulled in all of this, not the least of which is the exculpation of those who could do him in and are already charged and without question are guilty. Under Jencks (says I to the lawyer!) if he refuses to give up what the defensedemands, they walk. He has refused.

Hastily,